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to the United States has been greatly swollen by multitudes of young men who preferred exigration to a forced military service. The idea of conscription in a time of peace, wars with the elementary principles of civil freedom; and all over the continent it leads to a disturbance of the social and industrial arrangements of the people which becomes more aggravated as armaments increase. Formerly war was a matter of military skill and personal bravery, even more than numbers or equipments. This is no longer the case. The needle-gun must needs wait for the Chassepot; and while science is groping its way in laboratories and worksops, and trying to invent a means of destruction still more ghastly, lo! the more threatening of the war-clouds has had time to disappear. Nor does it appear likely that a time will ever come when nations can be sure of fighting each other on the same equal terms as was possible in past times. Minnie rifles are no sooner converted into Sniders than a new improvement is devised which makes that arm a still more deadly one. The same is true of gunboats, of ironclads, of wooden ships, of fortifications. War has lost its old heroic character. It is no longer the fiery charge of valorous men; it is simply a cruel and malignant application of scientific principles to the work of human destruction. In the Schleswig-Holstien war, shot and shell were rained upon the Danish soldiers without their being able to see the enemy. This is not war—it is murder.

We believe that civilization will not long endure the intolerable iniquities of a system which gives absolute power to the chemist and the inventor, and makes a soldier a helpless slave, whose personal courage will be of small service to him in any decisive conflict. Mr. Cobden was of opinion that war would be brought to an end by the success with which inventors would ultimately develop the art of killing men by scientific methods; and there is no doubt that the appalling character of modern warfare, combined with the enormous risk it entails, has made great potentates hesitate ere they attempted to carry out their schemes of ambition or pride. In making these remarks, we are not insensible to the purely moral influences which are at work on both sides of the Atlantic. When, during General Pierce's administration, the dispute about the petty island of San Juan took place, the angriest passions were stirred up on both sides, and the slightest indiscretion on the part of a subordinate officer in a remote part of the American continent would have rendered war inevitable. The class of questions of which the *Alabama* is the type, were perhaps the gravest that ever perplexed the diplomacy of civilized nations. But yet we find that, when Lord Stanley and Mr. Johnson quietly talk the subject over, they are able, without difficulty, to hit upon a mode of settlement which, while it does not weaken the self-respect of either nation, provides a sure way of escape from complicated national misunderstandings. In agreeing to a form of arbitration the two governments for the first time give effect to the recommendation of the Treaty of Paris. There is no longer a danger that Lord Clarendon's wise proposition, at the Paris Peace Congress of 1856, will remain a dead letter. Since the close of the Russian war, England and America have first among the nations of Christendom set an example of referring controversies of a momentous character to the decision of a friendly power. This establishes a great precedent, which will tell upon the future of Europe. Even if it only governs the future conduct of our own statesmen, and reduce the danger of war, so far as we are concerned, to a minimum, it would be fraught with blessings to ourselves and our posterity.—*Nonconformist, Eng.*

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A REAL PEACE-MAN.—We predicted, on learning HENRY RICHARD's election to the House of Commons last autumn, that we should hear from him in due time; but we confess we did not expect to hear so soon, and with so much promise, as in his maiden speech, July 6th, “of and hour's duration, so able and interesting as to be listened to with marked attention by the House.” A man that can so early in his Parliamentary career be even tolerated in the House of Commons for an hour on such a theme as he was called upon by his constituents to discuss, must be likely to make in time his mark on the public. We are glad to see an out-and-out peace-man in Parliament.

WAR ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

One of the conditions of the treaty with Mexico, it is said, was that any future war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted on *Christian principles*. Now, we all know that this is an age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly taking place in all sorts of matters; but *war on Christian principles* is certainly the latest, and, if carried out, will, we think, prove the greatest of them all.

Just imagine it. We think we can see the two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them. The ranks are formed, the positions taken, the great guns unlimbered. General Scott is just about to give the order to fire, when an aid comes up and respectfully reminds him that the war is to be conducted on *Christian principles*, and it will not do to fire. “Very true, very true,” says the Commander-in-chief; “but what are they? I have read Vauban, and Scheiter, and Turenne. I have read the lives of the old conquerors, and have studied the campaigns of the greatest soldiers; but I never happened to come across these principles in any work upon the military art. Do you know anything about it, Colonel?”

“No.” “Nor you, Major?” “Nor I, either.”

“I really don't know how to begin. I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the Chaplain.”

The Chaplain arrives. “Do you know anything about this fighting on *Christian principles*?”

“Oh, yes; it is the easiest thing in the world.”

“Where are the books?”

“Here;” and the Chaplain takes out the Bible.

“Really,” says the General, “we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing, Mr. Chaplain?”

“Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

“But these are *not* neighbors. They are Mexicans.”

“The same book tells us, a little further on, that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbor.”

“Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?”

“Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other.”

“But while we are praying for the Mexicans, they will be firing into us.”

“No; they are bound by the treaty also. It works both ways.”

“Then, what is the use of our arms?”

“This is all provided for in the same book. Beat your swords into ploughshares, and your spears into pruning-hooks.”

“Then I do not see as there is anything for us to do here.”

“Nothing, unless you send over and ask Santa Anna if he needs anything in the way of medicines, or provisions, or

clothing. I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we ought to send them a few school-masters, for I understand that they are a shockingly ignorant people.'

"But how do you ever know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?"

"That is the great beauty of it. *Both sides conquer*; and there are never any killed and wounded.'

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WAR.

"The history of every War," says Wilson in one of his *Lay Sermons*, "is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice, and eyed each other awhile with rather jealous, indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. 'What are you glowrin' at, Billy?' asked Donald. 'What's that to you?' retorted Billy. 'I'll look where I have a mind; and hinder me, if ye daur.' The answer to this was a hearty blow; and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snowballs; but at length they met and coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing one of the parties, I asked, 'What are you pelting the others for? What have they done to you?' 'O naething at a,' they replied, 'naething at a, mon; *we just want to gie them a good thrashin'*.' And at it they went again, and continued till they were quite exhausted, when one of the principal heroes, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, stepped forth between the belligerent parties, and addressed them thus: 'Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye—if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone.' There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

That trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that, instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a fearful waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions—if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone."

What, then, is the use of War? What good does it do? 'It asserts our rights,' says one. So it claims on both sides alike; but does it *secure* rights? Can it of itself decide what is right? Only by accident. Between two parties in dispute, can it decide which is right, and which is wrong? If so, how? By proof, by argument, by the judgment of impartial judges? Never.

'But War,' says another, 'is a process of justice.' Tell us how. What does a process of justice include? First a law as a criterion of right; next a common judge to interpret and apply this law; then a fair, full opportunity of the parties in dispute to prove and argue their case in open court; next a verdict of the jury, and finally the decision carried by an executive peacefully into effect. Is there in war anything like this? Justice by war! As well expect justice from a street-fight, or from letting loose a hundred tigers. A half a million of human

tigers shooting, stabbing, trampling one another down on a battle-field—do you call that a process of justice?

'But war *does* settle disputes.' True, they *are* settled; but how? Does the fighting do it? Very seldom. The parties fight till they are both tired, and then send peace-men, plenipotentiaries, to agree on terms of peace, which generally leave the points in dispute very nearly where they found them, *ante quo bellum*, as diplomatists say, as the boys said in plain Saxon, *if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone*.

IS WAR CHRISTIAN?

If so, it must accord with the Decalogue, breathe the spirit of the Gospel, and put in practice the precepts of both. Does it do this? Can it, and still be war? Let us see.

I. What does the DECALOGUE enjoin? *Thou shalt not have any other Gods before me.* War does not let its agents obey God rather than man, but compels them to do what their officers or the government bid them do, right or wrong, without inquiring whether it is right or wrong.—*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.* Is not war everywhere a notorious school of profanity?—*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.* War knows no Sabbath, never did, never can.—*Thou shalt not steal.* *Thou shalt not kill.* *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* Everybody knows, who knows anything on the subject, that war habitually violates, as of right, all such precepts by wholesale.

II. What does the GOSPEL teach? Christ says, *Blessed are the Peace-makers. Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you.* So all his Apostles. *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Avenge not yourselves.* Does war do thus? Can it, and still be war?

ERASMUS.—'Do you detest robbery and pillage? These are among the *duties* of war. Do you shudder at murder? To commit it with dispatch, and by wholesale, constitutes the art of war. The absurdest circumstance of all is, that you see in wars among Christian nations the cross waving on high in both the contending armies at once—crosses dashing against crosses, and Christ on this side firing bullets at Christ on the other! Cross against cross, Christ against Christ, and prayers at the same time from both armies to the same God of Peace!!'

ROBERT HALL.—'War is the fruitful parent of crimes. It reverses *all the rules of morality*. It is *nothing less than a TEMPORARY REPEAL OF THE PRINCIPLES OF VIRTUE*; a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are included.'

HORACE MANN.—'In peace, homicide is a crime; in war, it is an honor, and the conqueror's laurels grow luxuriant according to the streams of human blood with which he fertilizes them. In *peace*, the incendiary of a single dwelling is punished; in *war*, the light of conflagrated cities becomes a halo of glory around the conqueror's head. In *peace*, a pirate is an enemy of the human race; in *war*, the privateer, who answers to the pirate, seizes honorable plunder. In *peace*, the greatest proportion of robbers and thieves stamps a community as most iniquitous and debased; in *war*, the greatest number of robberies and thefts, with the greatest amount of pillage, measures the financial glory of the campaign. In *peace*, it is the duty of the priest to pray for his enemies, and to prepare souls for